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CHILDREN OF OLD CAROLINA

By ETHEL THEODORA ROCKWELL

AN HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF NORTH
CAROLINA FOR CHILDREN

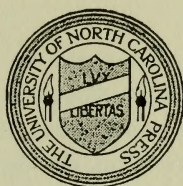
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CHILDREN OF OLD CAROLINA

By ETHEL THEODORA ROCKWELL

of the

Bureau of Community Drama

AN HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF NORTH
CAROLINA FOR CHILDREN

*Initial Performance by the Four-County Fair Association
Dunn, N. C., October 7, 1924*

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by

ETHEL THEODORA ROCKWELL

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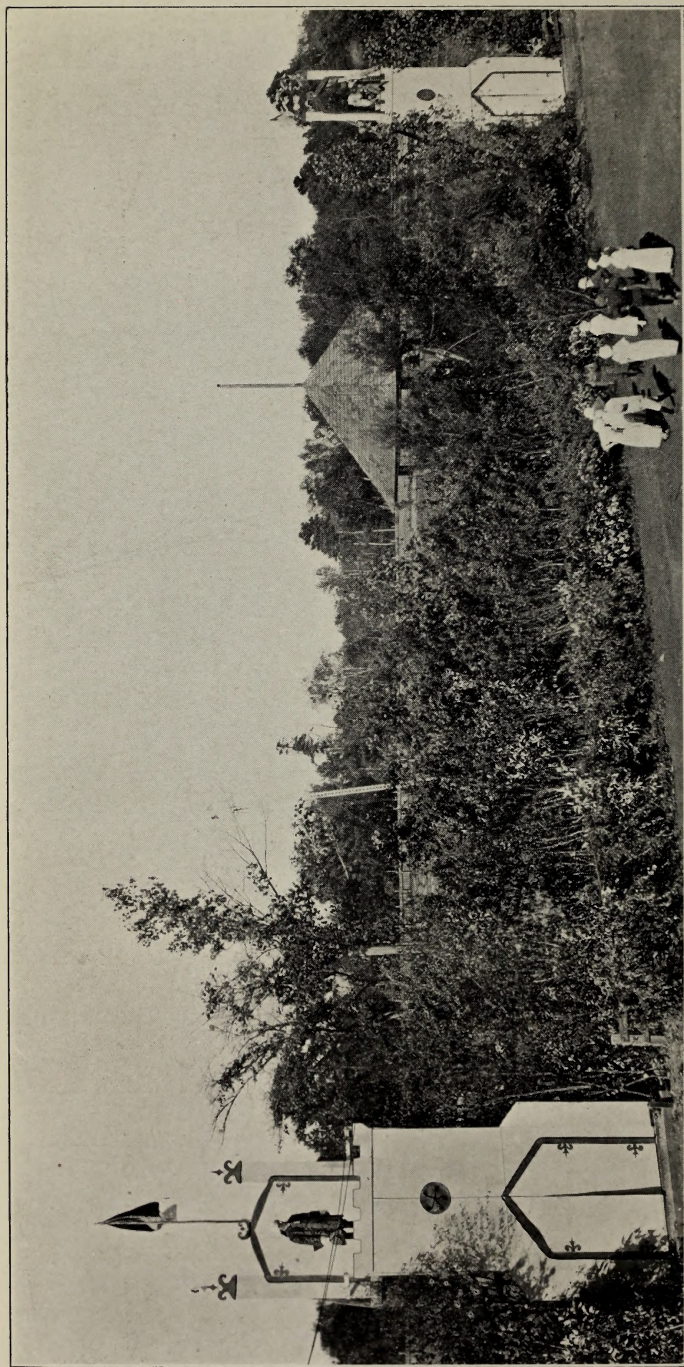
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RALEIGH, N. C.

DEDICATED TO
THE CHILDREN OF THE NORTH CAROLINA OF TODAY
WITH THE HOPE AND PRAYER THAT THEY, TOO,
IN THEIR TURN WILL BE "ALWAYS REMEM-
BERED BY WHAT THEY HAVE DONE"

*Foundations were laid for old Carolina State
By dauntless dreaming men from many lands,
A-thrill with a New World's thoughts and hopes and dreams
Who shaped the destinies of a mighty race
As they followed an unknown trail all dim and grim,
Yet everywhere cheered by the laugh of a little child:
Laughing children dancing on the wings of the wind,
Dancing children filled with raptures of song,
Singing children, dreaming with eager, yearning hearts,
Immortal visions of an epic day:
Days of wonder, worship, service, love, and praise,
Days of sorrow, terror, sacrifice, and death;
Oh, mark ye well as group by group they pass—
The children of Old Carolina State.*



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Setting for "CHILDREN OF OLD CAROLINA"

EDWARD MOSELEY:

A Colonial scene with Edward Moseley as the Dominant Spirit.

*I labored to establish on this soil
The rights and liberties of all mankind.
Time led me hence to live, to serve, to die,
That children coming after might glean the fruits
Of the great new age I helped to usher in.*

PREFACE

THE CHILDREN OF OLD CAROLINA has been written to meet an ever-growing demand for historical dramas for large groups of children below high school age. Most pageants have been written for adult casts and are therefore utterly unsuited for production by children even of high school age, though again and again one witnesses the usually pathetic attempt to present the great personages of history in pageants. As a class exercise in the school room it may be of considerable educational and inspirational value but as a big out-door entertainment it falls far short of being either.

This pageant, on the other hand, has been written for children to enjoy and to be staged by them. Always the author has kept in mind the fact that the cast is to be composed of children, and has thus tried to have them do the things that children of the various periods depicted would naturally have done. They sing the songs of the period, dance the dances, play the folk-games, work at typical tasks, and talk about the great events of the day as they would have seen them through their childish eyes and interpreted them. The main attempt has been to make beautiful, colorful, active scenes that have the effect of living moving pictures. All speeches by the children are brief and simply help to carry on the story and the action. Where longer speeches of considerable importance are introduced there is one adult figure, such as the schoolmaster who is put on the stage with the children in the Revolutionary scene, "The Spirit of Seventy-Six."

To the average child conning his history book the monotonous one-toned pictures of state or national heroes mean little. He rarely thinks of the persons they represent as having lived romantic, colorful, interesting lives. In order to develop the sense of reverent hero-worship in the hearts of all children taking part in or witnessing this pageant, one dominant figure of each period of Carolina history has been made the dominant spirit of the scene represented. We want our children to look up to them, to stand in awe of the great things they accomplished, and to reverence their memory. In order to create this spirit, these dominant spirits are placed upon a mystic tower in the background far above the stage, or earth-plane, on which the children act their little hour. These few figures of heroes should be presented by leading, respected adults of each community in which the pageant is produced. Each in turn introduces the children of his period and vanishes when they vanish.

THE CHILDREN OF OLD CAROLINA is offered with the earnest hope that it may help to fulfill some of the needs for worth-while children's dramas.

OUTLINE OF CHILDREN OF OLD CAROLINA

Prologue *By FATHER TIME*

Part I. *THE CHILDREN OF THE LOST COLONY. (An English scene the day before the sailing of the Admiral.)*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Sir Walter Raleigh

Part II. *THE CHILDREN OF PRIMEVAL DAYS. (An Indian scene.)*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Manteo.

Part III. *THE CHILDREN OF OLD COLONIAL DAYS*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Edward Moseley

Scene 1. *CHILDREN OF ENGLISH PARENTAGE*

Scene 2. *QUAKER CHILDREN*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Governor Archdale

Scene 3. *SWISS CHILDREN*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Baron de Graffenreid

Scene 4. *SCOTCH-IRISH CHILDREN*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Hugh Waddell

Scene 5. *SCOTCH HIGHLAND CHILDREN*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Flora MacDonald

Scene 6. *GERMAN MORAVIAN CHILDREN*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Bishop Spangenberg

Part IV. *THE CHILDREN OF WESTWARD HO!*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Daniel Boone

Part V. *CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Cornelius Harnett

Scene 1. *THE SPIRIT OF '76*

Scene 2. *THE HORNET'S NEST*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Col. William R. Davie

Part VI. *CHILDREN OF OLD PLANTATION DAYS*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Governor William A. Graham

Scene 1. *THE CHILDREN OF THE CABIN. (A negro scene)*

Scene 2. *THE CHILDREN OF THE BIG HOUSE*

Part VII. *CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Governor Zebulon Vance

Part VIII. *CHILDREN OF THE NEW FREEDOM*
 DOMINANT SPIRIT—Governor Charles B. Aycock

Epilogue IX. *CHILDREN OF TODAY*
 DOMINANT SPIRITS—Spirits of North Carolina and America

CHILDREN *of* OLD CAROLINA

PROLOGUE

SETTING: On upper right and left stage rise two crenelated towers. Each of them has an arched doorway with two seemingly ancient brass-bound doors parting in the center. Those in the left tower open inward, those in the right, outward. Both towers are largely masked by tall shrubbery and ivy. Above the doorway in the left tower is the face of a large clock whose hands mark twelve. On the right tower is the Colonial Seal of North Carolina, or some ornamental design that will balance with the clock on the other tower, while from each front corner floats high a State pennant.

On top of the left tower sits pensive, throughout the drama, the immutable figure of Time with his silver scythe curving over his shoulders. His hair and beard are long and white and he is clothed in a loose dark purple robe. Before him is a golden brazier from which flames and trails of smoke constantly arise. Billowing beside and behind him in a continuous, gleaming chain are many fairy-colored, bubble-like balloons—the days that are gone. Before the towers is the earth space where each succeeding generation acts its little hour.

As the scene opens, there begins the resonant sound of the clock striking in Time's tower, which continues until twelve strokes have sounded. Upon the first stroke, Time blows from an enormous golden pipe a shining balloon which, like a bubble, soars away into the sky as a new day. Then from an hour-glass-like receptacle beside him he adds fuel to the flames before him and, lifting his face, speaks in a deep, reflective tone. As he speaks two small children, a boy and a girl, appear upon either side of the right tower. The girl is in soft floating draperies of blue, the boy in khaki running trunks and vest or knitted swimming suit. Their limbs are bare and they stand a-tip-toe with hands outstretched toward the other tower. Upon Time's words, "Age by age, the feet of little children passing," they disappear.

TIME

[As he blows the bubble from his pipe]

Behold! A new day is born to gleam in the sun—
A new link in my living chain of unbroken light;
And, like torches flaming on my eternal sky-rim,
New children bravely stand their little hour
With eager hands outstretched and yearning eyes
Uplifted to my far-flung battlements.

They seek to solve my ancient riddle, Life;
 With hastening, pilgrim feet they seek the answer;
 With faltering faith and tremulous hope and bitter pain
 They win it, bit by bit—then weary, broken—
 Yet with a challenge in their last triumphant cry,
 They pass it on and sleep in my embrace.
 Age by age, the vision's won,
 Age by age, 'tis carried on,
 Age by age, the feet of little ones
 Tread so valiantly my new-traced trails;
 Bearing ever onward humanity's hopes and dreams.
 Age by age,—ah, the trails that are worn
 By the feet of little children passing—passing—
 And I, Eternal Time, alone remain,
 Immutable, forevermore.

[Stretching his hand toward the audience]

Folk of Carolina, living now,
 Would you see them—see my children passing?
 Gaze down long vistas of departed days?
 Would you your vision turn upon the paths
 Far-traced by children of Old Carolina State?—
 Into the past, they're vanished, you say, quite away?—
 Nay,—I hold them all here in my hands.—
 Time is, and was, and evermore shall be.
 Then hark ye! Behold!

[He takes in his hands one of the balloons in the chain behind him and gazes at it. Again the clock strikes twelve, and from the doorway below him emerges a young herald dressed in late 16th century costume. He lifts a golden trumpet to his lips and sounds a clear call in answer to which the figure of Sir Walter Raleigh appears upon the right tower. Whenever a figure appears on the opposite tower, Time showers down a handful of stars.]

TIME

[Still gazing at the bubble in his hands]

From England's soil, Carolina's first children of light
 Did spring in the days when The Shepherd of the Ocean,
 Gallant Raleigh, builded for Britain an Empire of might
 And dreamed of a new race on Freedom's heights.

PART I
THE LOST COLONY

SCENE: Portsmouth, England.

TIME: April, 1587.

CHARACTERS: Children of England, part of whom sailed on the *Admiral* the next day to become the founders of what is known as Raleigh's Lost Colony, which settled on Roanoke Island and founded the "Citie of Raleigh." Here on August 18th, 1587, was born America's first white child of English birth, who was named Virginia and was the daughter of Ananias and Eleanor Dare. When Governor White returned to the colony in 1590 it had utterly disappeared.

THE SPIRIT OF RALEIGH

[From right tower]

"E'en such is Time, which takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us naught but age and dust;
Which in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
And from this grave, this earth, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!"*

Yea, truly He has lifted me!
Accomplished is the work I dreamed
Of empires vast and nations free,
And my great plans now stand redeemed.
Ah see, again an April day
With English children at their play
Ere they set sail and came to be
With those of my Lost Colony.

[Again the herald standing before the left tower sounds his trumpet, whereupon the doors of the right tower open and through them enters another herald dressed like the first but bearing an ancient ship's lantern and a staff. The heralds move toward the right and left fronts of the stage and take up their positions on each corner

* Written by Raleigh the night before his execution.

where they remain throughout the scene. While they are moving into position a group of children in late 16th century English costume come through the door of the right tower and run joyously into position center stage. Two tall boys bear a Maypole in their hands, while sixteen or more children each hold a ribbon and skip into position around the pole as it is set up. Then they sing and dance a Maypole dance.** Suddenly one of the boys drops his ribbon, tosses his cap, and shouts exultantly.]

ROBERT ELLIS

Hark ye! Tomorrow I sail on the Admiral. Heigh-ho!

SEVERAL

[All stopping their dance]
Not tomorrow, surely!

ROBERT

Yes, tomorrow, truly. Goodman White told my father so early this morning.

JOHN SAMPSON

Then there's no need for me to practice for the May Day here any longer.

SEVERAL

[Dropping their ribbons]
Nor me, nor me!

THOMAS HUMPHREY and THOMAS SMART

[Dropping the pole]
Heigh-ho! Next May-Day we'll decorate a pole in the new Citie of Raleigh across the seas.

ELIZABETH VICCARS

Father and Mother and Ambrose and I are going, too. Our household things are now on board.

AMBROSE VICCARS

Yes, and do you know the first thing I shall do when I am there? I shall learn to shoot a deer with bow and arrow. Manteo has promised to teach me.

ROBERT ARCHARD

Me, too! Already I have the strong bow he made for me.

** Special music or any good English music for May pole dance.

A GIRL

Of, if only I could go, too, but father says he is fearful of the savages.

ROBERT ELLIS

Pshaw, who's afraid? Not I. Sir Walter says that such as I shall bear Old England's flag around the world, cross seas uncharted, beard King Philip's tyrants on the Spanish Main, and build a brave new world of freedom and brotherhood.

ALL

[Singing]

O, our good ship, firm and true, Yo ho!
Carries Britain's finest crew, Yo ho!
Though the seas be wild and squally,
Our captain's Walter Raleigh,
And there's nothing he can't do, Yo ho!*

ROBERT ELLIS

Yo ho! Come away! Out with ye! We needs must prepare ourselves for the voyage.

[The boys take up their pole, some of the children seize the ribbons, and all go gaily skipping off the stage through the doors of the left tower. The heralds also turn and disappear through the same doors through which they entered, while Time puts aside the bubble he has been holding and moves his hands over others until he finally selects one just as the clock again begins to strike. Raleigh vanishes at the same time as do the children.]

* Special words and music written by Margaret Plank Ganssle for Koch's *Raleigh, the Shepherd of the Ocean*.

PART II

CHILDREN OF PRIMEVAL DAYS

TIME

[Musingly]

Ere the intrepid feet of white mankind
Trode Carolina ways, another race,
Wild children of red soil and swaying pine,
Built council fires, trailed deer and buffalo,
And chanted praise to their great Manitou.
Their ancient woodland haunts know them no more.
Their camp fires failed and far along their trails
The forest children, tribe on wandering tribe,
Fell back when the Great Spirit ceased to hear
Their prayers, and o'er their race as o'er the vales
The gathering darkness fell and led to night.

[Time chooses another bubble, the clock again strikes twelve and out from his tower comes another herald, this time dressed as an Indian. He raises to his lips a reed flute, sounds a plaintive woodland call, and upon the right tower appears the tall figure of Manteo, the friend of the white man, who was one of the Indians carried to England by Amidas and Barlow.]

MANTEO

[First shooting a flaming arrow into the sky, then chanting with hand unlifted]

O - e, ha-lay, O-e, ha-lay!
O - e, ha-lay, O-e, ha-lay-ho-ho!
Through the clouds, riding on high
Toward the sun I fly, far, far, far.
There I find the holy place,
And light anew comes to me.
O - e, ha-lay, O-e, ha-lay!
O - e, ha-lay, O-e, ha-lay-ho-ho!*

* Special music.

[Again the herald sounds his call on his flute, and out from the right tower comes another Indian herald, carrying a burning fagot and a gaily painted coup-stick. As before, these heralds march silently to each corner of front stage and stand there throughout the scene. First a group of Indian maidens enter, two or three with papooses on their backs. These they take off and hang on trees, gently swaying them for a moment and singing a lullaby. Others carry fagots with which they light a fire.]

MAIDENS

[Singing]

E-wa-yea! My little owlet!

E-wa-yea! E-wa-yea!

Who is this that lights the wigwam?

With his great eyes lights the wigwam?

E-wa-yea! E-wa-yea! E-wa-yea!*

[As they sing, several of the maidens chop away some shrubbery and thus reveal toward the left background a wigwam before which sits a small boy playing an Indian melody on a flute, while another near him beats an Indian drum. There is a whoop and shout as a group of boys now run in, each with a bow and arrows. All together they shoot their arrows to see which can shoot the farthest, then they run to pick them up and pantomime which has won. The maidens in the meantime form in two lines facing each other and dance the blanket dance, in which they spread their blankets behind them like great wings and dance forward and back, forward and back, beckoning, retreating, gesturing, bending, and swaying until they finally dance off, two by two, with one blanket draped about two pairs of shoulders. They then sit in groups, some making rush baskets, some beading moccasins, some playing pomawonga, and others replenishing the fire. The boys in the meantime have been pantomiming a bear hunt at one side of the stage. Now they form a circle about the fire and begin to dance the flaming arrow dance, in which one young Indian on each cardinal point dances out toward the corners of the stage after dipping the tip of his arrow in the fire, and when so far off shoots his burning arrow into the distance. He then dances back again and all dance wildly around the fire; then come to a halt, dipping

* Special music.

arrows again into the flames and all together shooting them high as they intone "O-ye, ho-e, O-ye, ho-ye, O-ye-o, ho." Just at this moment a tall young Indian messenger dashes in from the tower left, comes into the midst of them and pantomimes excitedly. There is a cry of "The Pale-faces! The Pale-faces! The winged boats! The winged boats!" Hurriedly they gather up their belongings, including the wigwam, and rapidly disappear through the door of the left tower, followed by the heralds. And again old Time lays aside the bubble of a day that is gone.]

PART III

CHILDREN OF OLD COLONIAL DAYS

TIME: Late 17th and early 18th centuries.

PLACE: Centering in and around New Bern, the place usually considered the Colonial Capital.

TIME

Foundations were laid for Old Carolina State
By dauntless, dreaming men from many lands,
A-thrill with a New World's thoughts and hopes and dreams,
Who shaped the destinies of a mighty race
As they followed an unknown trail all dim and grim,
Yet everywhere cheered by the laugh of a little child;
Laughing children dancing on the wings of the wind,
Dancing children filled with raptures of song,
Singing children dreaming with eager, yearning hearts,
Immortal visions of an epic day:
Days of wonder, worship, service, love and praise;
Days of sorrow, terror, sacrifice, and death;
Oh, mark ye well as group by group they pass—
The Children of the Old Colonial Days.

[Again he holds in his hands another bubble, the clock strikes and out from the tower comes the third herald in early 18th century costume. He sounds a new call and upon the right tower appears the spirit of Edward Moseley, probably the most influential man in the colony during the last century of the colonial period. He was always a bold and earnest champion of liberty, a wise and fearless leader, and always most popular with the people, whose confidence he held as Speaker of the Assembly and leader of every forward movement. Throughout the following scenes he will remain at the right of the tower while one after another of the dominant spirits of different groups will appear.]

EDWARD MOSELEY

Old Time bestowed upon me the chance to live
My manhood years in this young colony
Where civilization's boons were hardly won
With woodman's axe and bitter privation's tools,

By hardy pioneers whose chiefest wealth
 Was a dream of Freedom's glory and the task
 Of building from primeval things a brave
 New world. With comrades such as these my lot
 Was cast to pilot the new launched ship
 Of state across the billows of the years
 That tossed with strife, with bloody massacres,
 Misunderstandings and unjust demands.
 I labored to establish on this soil
 The rights and liberties of all mankind.
 Time led me hence to live, to serve, to die,
 That children coming after might glean the fruits
 Of the great new age I helped to usher in.

SCENE 1

CHILDREN OF ENGLISH PARENTAGE

[Again the herald blows his call and again a companion herald steps from the right tower bearing a colonial lantern and a woodman's axe. Again they move to position front stage, as out from the tower comes laughing a group of children of English parentage. Gaily they fall into the action of the old folk-game "Looby Loo,"* which they end by dancing into the center background as the clock strikes two and a new herald appears from the left tower in Quaker garb and ringing a hand-bell.]

SCENE 2

QUAKER CHILDREN

[With the ringing of the bell, John Archdale, North Carolina's Quaker governor, appears on the left side of the right tower.]

GOVERNOR ARCHDALE

Hear ye, hear ye!
 Of the Society of Friends am I.
 Where'er my people come, they come in peace,
 Good will, and love toward all mankind, for they
 Await the voice of the indwelling Christ,
 That inner light that lighteth every man
 And that doth show the way unto salvation.

* See Hofer, Mari Ruef: *Children's Singing Games*, p. 32. A. Flanagan Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

So much to us has been so freely given
That we will freely render back again
Our hearts' best treasure: love and faith
And true devotion for our God and State.

[The Quaker herald again rings his bell and his mate appears from the other tower, bearing a lantern and a hoe. They go down stage to positions beside the English herald as out from the tower comes demurely a group of children in Quaker costume. The little girls carry samplers on frames partly finished and cloth sewing-bags drawn in at the top and swinging from long strings. Demurely they seat themselves on the ground, hold the samplers in their laps and begin to work. The boys in the group enter more briskly, drive a stake into the ground and begin a game of quoits.]

RACHEL

Look ye, my friends, my sampler, "Peace be to this house," is almost finished.

ANNE

Mine is so long, I am growing almost a-weary. Just see how long it looks, "The Lord will bless His people with peace." Then besides, my name is longer than most—Anne Lillington Porter—till you see my colored yarns are fair run out. Art thou near finished with thy "Have peace with one another," Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

But one more word to do. I can scarce wait until I hang it over our mantel shelf.

MARTHA

Father says my "Blessed are the peace-makers" shall be hung over our dining table.

MARY

And my "The Lord give thee peace" shall be opposite our doorway where all who enter may read and feel its blessing.

ELIZABETH

What word shall we all choose for our next sampler?

MARTHA

Mother says the word "love" would be best for there are so many beautiful verses about love. Mine shall be "The God of Love be with thee."

OTHERS

Oh, yes, yes, our new word shall be "love." We'll look up new verses tonight.

RACHEL

My sampler's done. Come, let us watch the boys with their game. Tomorrow I shall start my love sampler. I like thy verse, Martha, "The God of Love be with thee."

ALL

[As they gather up their work and face the audience]
 "The God of love be with thee."

[They move toward the right stage background where their brothers are playing. One of the boys stops his playing and shyly approaches Rachel, offering her an apple, which she coyly accepts.]

SCENE 3

SWISS CHILDREN

[There are three strokes of the clock and a young goatherd herald appears sounding an Alpine horn. Upon the right tower comes Baron Christopher de Graffenreid, the leader of the Swiss colony and the founder of New Bern.]

BARON DE GRAFFENREID

Religious freedom we come seeking here
 In this new sea-encircled Switzerland.
 Our eyes search for our Alpine mountain peaks,
 But meet blue waters and unfathomed woods.
 From persecutions of the spirit we fled,
 To meet with persecutions of the flesh,
 By savage men that would deny our right
 To hold this land for civilization's dower.
 Yet, spite of terror, capture, hideous death,
 And lurking murderous foes our people thrive,
 And carefree at our feet our children play.

[Again the Alpine call is sounded, the other herald appears, bearing a torch and a stout Alpine stick, while behind him follows a group of Alpine children leading some goats and bearing among them shepherd's crooks and small tinkling bells. Together they pantomime "The Shepherd Maiden,"* then fall into the background with the preceding groups.]

* See Hofer, Mari Ruef: *Popular Folk Games and Dances*, p. 27. A. Flanagan Company, Chicago, Ill.

SCENE 4

CHILDREN OF THE COVENANTERS

(Scotch-Irish)

[The clock strikes four times, a Scotch Lowlander herald appears and sounds a call upon a conch-shell horn. Upon the tower appears Hugh Waddell, a young Scotch-Irishman who came to North Carolina with Governor Dobbs in 1753 and from that time until his death in 1773 was the intrepid Indian fighter, the explorer and winner of the west, the defender of the rights of the people in the Assembly and the Council, the suppressor of tyranny and lawlessness, and a gentleman of wealth, honor, and spirit.]

COLONEL HUGH WADDELL

My people are oft called the Covenanters,
Ironsides, or Puritans of the Scottish race.
We are the followers of Knox and Calvin's Kirk,
Staunch Presbyters that into every hand
The Holy Bible place and bid each man
Himself to read and understand its words.
Therefore, we 'stablish first where'er we bide
Free schools and churches of democracy.
From our skilled hands the industries develop
Until we build a land of thrift and plenty.
Strong to win and stern to defend and hold
Our own, we are the dauntless pioneers
Of Westward march, the vanguard on the far
Frontiers of new America.

[Again the herald blows a call and onto the stage comes his companion herald, bearing a small tallow dip lamp and a Bible. There follows him a group of colonial school children surrounding their master, who distributes Bibles among them as they cross to stage left. Standing near the left tower the master raises his hand for silence, the children open their Bibles and responsively read.]

MASTER

Lads and lassies, you are aware that your fathers have started this first school here in this new land that you might learn to read God's Holy Word. Let us see how well you have profited from your opportunities by reading the One Hundred and Twenty-first Psalm:

NORTH CAROLINA LIBRARY COMMISSION
RALEIGH, N. C.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

CHILDREN

My help cometh even from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth.

MASTER

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; and He that keepeth thee will not sleep.

CHILDREN

Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

MASTER

The Lord Himself is thy keeper; the Lord is thy defense upon thy right hand.

CHILDREN

So that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night.

MASTER

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; yea, it is even He that shall keep thy soul.

CHILDREN

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth for evermore.

[As the reading is finished, the master takes a tuning-fork, gets the pitch, lines off a song, a line at a time, and leads the children in singing to the tune of Old Hundred, a paraphrase of the twentieth Psalm. The children should sing draggingly and with a nasal expression.]

SONG

Now may the God of power and grace
Attend His people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

Now save us, Lord, from slavish fears;
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till Thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

[As the song ends, further activities of the school are broken off by the swirl of bagpipes and the entrance of the Highland Scotch.

However, throughout the rest of the Colonial scenes, the children make a silent show of studying, while the master busies himself by appearing to help the different pupils, chastising them, etc.]

SCENE 5

SCOTCH HIGHLAND CHILDREN

[When five o'clock strikes a Highland lad appears dressed in the MacDonald plaid. He sounds his call upon bag-pipes and the spirit of Flora MacDonald stands center on the right tower. The spirit of Scotch settlers is best interpreted by that of Flora MacDonald, the maiden who rescued Prince Charlie of the House of Stuart and through her cunning and fidelity helped him to escape the close grasp of the English, after the bloody battle of Culloden. She became the toast of all Scotland. After her marriage to Alan MacDonald and the birth of five sons and several daughters, she came with her family to North Carolina, where they valiantly supported the Royalist cause during the Revolution. They returned to Scotland after the war, disillusioned and broken in fortune.]

FLORA MACDONALD

Folk of this royal province of King George,
Together you have brought with your hearth fires
A bit of many lands from Europe's heart
And planted it in this unbroken soil.
It would not be complete without the leaven
Of Highland blood; without the courageous heart
Of Highland folk.—We come to bring it here.
Some of you have panted fugitive
Through long heart-throbbing nights, and so have we;
Some have braved the perilous fight for right,—
Earth's story will forever ring with Highland deeds;
Some have dared your all that others might
Win life and freedom's crown, and so have we;
Some have been adventurers, fearless, brave,
Upon uncharted seas and trackless lands,—
Adventure thrills the heart of every Scot.
'Tis that that brings us hither,—that, and a dream
That refts us from our heather-mantled mountains
And beckons us to cast our lot with thine,
O Carolina Folk.

[Again the bag-pipe calls, the other herald leads forward, holding aloft a fiery cross for light. Swiftly upon the stage come the Scotch children, the bagpipes playing a Highland fling to which the children gaily dance. When the dance ends, they too fall into the background.]

SCENE 6

GERMAN MORAVIAN CHILDREN

(The Easter People)

[After six strokes from the clock, from the left tower comes a Moravian trumpeter, sounding his call upon a flaring-mouthed trombone. On the other tower appears the figure of Bishop August Gottlieb Spangenberg.]

BISHOP AUGUST GOTTLIEB SPANGENBERG

[Lifting his hands and face and speaking with reverent triumph]
The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen indeed!

[The herald sounds the same call and the second herald appears, carrying a torch and a wreath. The Moravian children enter in two separate groups, boys' choir first, then the girls'. The boys bear torches and the girls wreaths and garlands of flowers. They enter singing and pass across the stage in procession, singing until they disappear through the left tower.]

SONG FOR THE PROCESSIONAL

"Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and Saviour,
Thou hast burst the bonds of death;
Grant us, as to Mary, the great favour
To embrace Thy feet in faith:
Thou hast in our stead the curse endured,
And for us eternal life procured;
Joyful we with one accord,
Hail Thee as our risen Lord."*

BISHOP SPANGENBERG

[As the children disappear, the Bishop continues.]

"The God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the Sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, shall also quicken these our mortal bodies,

* Special music furnished by Miss Adelaide Fries, of Winston-Salem.

if so be that the Spirit of God hath dwelt in them. And may He keep us in everlasting fellowship with those of our brethren and sisters, who, since last Easter day, have entered into the joy of their Lord, and with the whole church triumphant, and let us rest together in His presence from our labours."

[As Bishop Spangenberg ceases speaking, all of the children left on the stage form in procession and pass out left tower, singing while their heralds also disappear within their respective towers.]

ALL

[Singing]

Passing away like the dews of the morning,
Soaring from earth to our home in the sun,
Leaving to you the bright hope of the morrow,
Always remembered by what we have done.

Always remembered, always remembered,
Always remembered by what we have done.*

* Special music.

PART IV
CHILDREN OF WESTWARD HO!

PLACE: The frontier of Carolina centering on the Yadkin River.

TIME: 1773.

TIME

Why does man dream, then follow the gleam?
Why forever range far trails and strange?
A thousand miles of hardships, trials,
And bitter loneliness where wild winds moan?
Ah, why does man dream, then follow the gleam?

Do you not know he follows a glow
From a handful of stars like flashing scimitars
That I fling down from Heaven's crown
To dazzle his eyes with dreams from the skies?

'Tis thus I create bold pioneers, elate,
Brave Daniel Boones that range far trails and strange,
O'er a thousand miles of hardships, trials,
And bitter loneliness where wild winds moan.
With a handful of stars I make my artisans
To dream, endure, and build the world's great plans.

[He takes up another bubble, the strokes of the clock ring out and a herald appears below sounding a hunting horn. On the right tower appears Daniel Boone as Time scatters a handful of stars. Both the herald and Boone are dressed in the pioneer scout's deerskin clothing, fringed and belted.]

DANIEL BOONE

There's a Paradise a-waiting
Just beyond the mountain ranges.
Follow o'er the Road called Wilderness,
Follow through the Pass of Cumberland
To the claims of Henderson,
Where to our liking we can hew
A State of freedom in the West.

First, with Hugh Waddell I glimpsed it
When Braddock's lofty folly lost it;
In Dunmore's war, I fought to wrest it
From the red man's hold and terror;—
But the King denies our right to claim it.
Such times were sent to us to see
Whether we be of iron or putty.
Thinks the King that he can quench
An everlasting, throbbing longing?
Thinks he to bind a freeman's heart?
Thinks he to chain his eager feet?
Thinks he to hush the mountain's whisper:
"There's something hidden. Come and find it,
Come and look behind the ranges,
Something lost behind the ranges,
Lost and waiting for you.—Come!"*

[The hunting horn is again sounded and another herald appears carrying a rifle and a lantern. Upon the stage comes a group of frontier children in rude dress, each carrying some cherished pet or toy, or a household utensil, such as pewter dishes, wooden bowls, and trenchers, gourd drinking-cups, etc. Two large boys, James Boone and Henry Russell, about sixteen years of age, each lead a horse already laden with packs on each side. They pause, center stage, to finish filling the packs, taking some articles from the children.]

HENRY RUSSELL

How near have you been to this paradise your father would lead us to, James?

JAMES BOONE

Only so far as Cumberland Pass when Father laid out the Wilderness Road for Colonel Richard Henderson. But even in journeying that far, I saw hundreds of buffalo and myself shot twenty of them, besides thirty deer and no end of bear and turkeys. With the money my pelts brought, I shall buy myself one hundred and sixty acres of the blue grass ranges.

FANNY CALLOWAY [age 12]

Jemima, what would you do if you were captured by the Indians?

* Kipling.

JEMIMA [age 12]

I'd never give up till I got even.

FLANDERS CALLOWAY [another large boy, with a banjo]

I'll warrant ye would not. But what would you do to free yourself?

JEMIMA

Hark ye, well. If ever I am captured, watch for broken twigs along my trail, and when I can, I'll tear bits of my dress and hang them on the bushes.

FLANDERS

I'll remember and I'll rescue thee.

[He sings a brief snatch, accompanying himself on the banjo.]

SONG

1. "Good morning, good morning, my pretty little miss,
The beginning of my song.
O, Lor', says he, Won't you marry me?
She answers: I'm too young.
2. "Tell me, O tell me, my lass, must I go free,
Now why can't a girl love me?
O no, says she, that can never be
Till apples grow on an orange-tree."*

JAMES

Daniel and Rebecca, you are so little, you may ride first.

[He puts one in a pack on each side of the horse.]

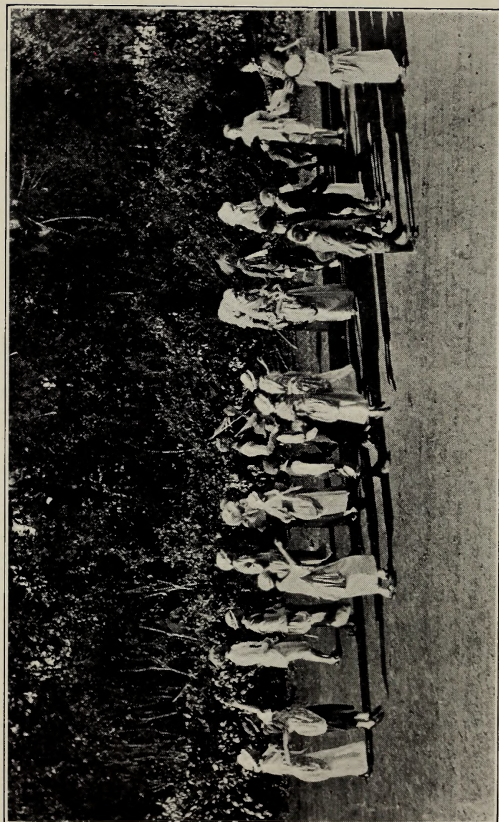
HENRY

[Putting a small boy astride his horse]

It is time we met the Bryans and got on our way.

[Out from the tower has emerged a frontiersman carrying a gun and leading a horse upon which a woman sits holding a young child. A shawl is draped over her head and shoulders. Behind them comes another man leading a cow. They pass across the back of stage and disappear through the left tower, followed by the children in silent procession, Jemima Boone and Flanders Calloway bringing up the rear, hand in hand.]

* Campbell and Sharp: *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, p. 296.



THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX

*Hear ye, from Harnett's lips the solemn stand
Brave Carolina takes as first of all
The Colonies to resolve on independence.
Look ye, where e'en the children breathe the air
Of liberty and eagerly applaud
Their father's deeds, though scarce aware they tread
Upon the threshold of a great new age.*

PART V

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

TIME

Now sterner days press on mid rage of war.
The colony's chartered rights are now disclaimed
And tyranny's lash sharp cracks and threatens through
The province. Men with fire-brand voices cry
Out, and the loyalties for the Mother-land
Are sadly broken down. Among the first
To strike for liberty and right were sons
Of Carolina; first to sacrifice
And first to rebel 'gainst English sovereignty.
Hear ye, from Harnett's lips the solemn stand
Brave Carolina takes as first of all
The colonies to resolve on independence.
Look ye, where e'en the children breathe the air
Of liberty and eagerly applaud
Their fathers' deeds, though scarce aware they tread
Upon the threshold of a great new age.

[He takes up another bubble, the clock strikes twelve, a young bugler in Colonial uniform steps forth, and a call is sounded. Upon the other tower stands the figure of Cornelius Harnett, often referred to by men in other colonies as the Samuel Adams of North Carolina. Harnett was the chairman of the first Committee of Safety in North Carolina, which was organized in Wilmington in 1774. In 1775 the Continental Congress made him head of the Provisional Government of North Carolina, which made him virtually governor of the colony. On April 12, 1776, as chairman of a special committee of the Provincial Council, the first resolution for independence made by any colony as a whole was drawn up and presented by him to the Council at Halifax. This resolution instructed North Carolina's delegates to work for independence in the forthcoming Continental Congress. He later became a member of the Continental Congress. When the king promised a general amnesty to the colony if it would submit to his government, Harnett and General Robert Howe were the only two citizens of North Carolina excluded from this pardon. In 1781 this splendid old man was captured by the British in Wilmington Harbor

and was kept in a roofless roundhouse where exposure and indignity caused his death as a martyr to the cause of liberty he did so much to win for his land.]

CORNELIUS HARNETT

There's a cry that rings along the seaboard states;
 From the north it sweeps, in the south it echoes clear;
 'Tis a cry that is a challenge and not fear,
 'Tis a cry of liberty, of liberty—
 A quenchless dream of liberty—
 The inalienable right of mankind everywhere.
 'Tis a challenge to give one's all, to dare one's all.
 'Tis ours to bring the day of freedom in,
 To lift our voice and call the vision home.
 Now is the mighty hour when we may build
 A state in the splendour of our soul's desire.

SCENE 1

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX

PLACE: Wilmington.

TIME: August, 1776.

[The herald sounds the reveille, his prototype appears from the right tower with a Liberty torch and a sword in his hands. Upon the stage come four couples who dance the minuet* until they are suddenly interrupted by the sounds of fife and drum playing Yankee Doodle as there enters a group that presents a tableau of the picture, "The Spirit of '76." The central figure of the tableau is adult and represents the old man. He is the schoolmaster of the group following him and is known as "Captain." They march to center stage and are enthusiastically applauded by the children following.]

CAPTAIN

[Abruptly pausing]

Halt!

CHILDREN

[Clamoring]

Oh, Captain, that was beautiful! Now tell us all about it once again.

* Beethoven: Minuet in G.

CAPTAIN

What would ye now? Didn't I tell you enough back in the school?

CHILDREN

Nay! Nay! Tell it again and again!

DANCERS

[Drawing eagerly toward the others]

What is it? Why are you so joyous? Tell it to us! Tell it to us!

CAPTAIN

[Solemnly]

Well, first, God helping us, children, we're free. America is free!

CHILDREN

Hurrah, hurrah! Read us that part of Jefferson's great Declaration that says so.

CAPTAIN

[Taking a piece of paper from his pocket and reading while the children show great eagerness and cheer frequently]

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station, to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. . . . We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. . . . That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. . . . That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. . . . We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free

and independent States; that they are absolved from any allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved. . . . And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

[Cheers]

CINCINNATUS ASHE

And how many signed it from North Carolina?

WILLIAM HOOPER, JR.

Three, I know—my father was one of them. He was the twenty-fourth to sign because there was such a crowd around the table that he didn't get a chance sooner.

CAPTAIN

Yes, William Hooper, my lad, your father is one of the bravest of the brave, as are our other two delegates, John Penn and Joseph Hewes. Do you know, children, when Hewes signed the paper he lifted his hands and eyes to Heaven and exclaimed, "It is done and I abide."

CHILDREN

[Following his gesture]

"It is done and I abide."

CAPTAIN

But hark ye well, children, ye have something of which North Carolina can ever be proud. Last year in the county of Mecklenburg when the brave pioneers first heard of the battle of Lexington, they solemnly resolved no longer to recognize the government of Great Britain and declared themselves free and independent.

[Cheers]

Then hark ye further, ye young sons of freedom, on last April 12, North Carolina in our Council assembled at Halifax, was the first of all the colonies to resolve for independence. List to these words of our townsman, Cornelius Harnett: "And whereas, the moderation hitherto manifested by the United Colonies, and their sincere desire to be reconciled to the mother country on constitutional principles, have procured no mitigation of the aforesaid wrong and usurpations, and no hopes remain of obtaining redress by those means alone which

have hitherto been tried . . . Resolved (therefore) that the delegates of this colony in the Continental Congress be empowered to concur with the delegates of other colonies in declaring independence and forming foreign alliances."

GEORGE LILLINGTON

Our liberty is as good as won. My father's battalion will put the red-coats on the run wherever he meets them just as he did MacDonald's men at Moore's Creek Bridge.

SAMUEL and CINCINNATUS ASHE

My father helped!

GEORGE

Yes, of course, and we've got many more officers like General Robert Howe and Colonel James Moore that will say the same thing Colonel Moore said to General MacDonald.

OTHERS

What did he say, George?

GEORGE

[Chuckling]

Well, first he called MacDonald's Scotchmen "deluded people" and then he said his "own men were fully resolved to risk everything in defense of their own and the liberties of mankind."

SAMUEL ASHE

We'll all risk everything in defense of our own and the liberties of mankind. My brother John Baptista is already with father in the field and now I'm going to fight too.

SEVERAL OTHER BOYS

And I, and I. For our own and the liberties of mankind.

CAPTAIN

Come, my young patriots, let us celebrate this glad occasion further down on the village square.

CHILDREN

[Eagerly]

Oh, yes, let us go and join the others.

[Again they form for the tableau, "The Spirit of Seventy-Six," and strike up Yankee Doodle to which they all go marching and skipping gaily off through the left tower, though their heralds remain in position as does the figure of Harnett.]

SCENE 2

THE HORNET'S NEST

PLACE: Charlotte, Mecklenburg County.

TIME: 1780.

[The clock strikes twice. The left herald again sounds the reveille. His call is echoed from behind the doors of the right tower, and beside Harnett appears the figure of Colonel William R. Davie, in the Colonial dragoon uniform. They salute each other gravely.]

COL. WILLIAM R. DAVIE

In young Mecklenburg we heard the ringing cry,
We took up the challenge with a brave new call
And were first to answer back from south to north—
“Independence from the tyrant’s thralling power.”
Never faltering and never doubting, though
Beaten back, imprisoned, fallen, dying, lost—
Yet ’twas up again, and onward rallying,
Swift attacking and retreating, striking anew,
Until “Hornet’s Nest” Cornwallis christened us,
For we troubled him, routed him at every turn:
Ramseur’s Mill and Hanging Rock; at Charlotte and
McIntyre’s, until our glorious victory
At King’s Mountain made him hastily withdraw.
Even children swarmed the Hornet’s Nest with cries
Of defiance for the invading tyrant hordes.

[The herald sounds the assembly call which is echoed behind the doors of the right tower. Then a march is heard and onto the grounds troops a group of boys in simulated colonial uniforms. First they go through a military drill, the commands being given by William Lee Davidson, Jr. When the drill ends, the boys break up into irregular formation.]

SAMUEL POLK

Hurrah, boys! The Hornet’s Nest has at last made things too hot for Cornwallis. When he heard yesterday of Ferguson’s defeat at King’s Mountain he decided he’d been stung enough. By this time he’s in South Carolina again.

Boys

[Laughing and shouting]

Hurrah! Hurrah!

WILLIAM BAIN ALEXANDER

Let's play the battle of Charlotte again. I'll be Colonel Davie.

SAMUEL POLK

And I'll be Major Joseph Graham. Even nine wounds couldn't kill him. He's out to sting the Tories again.

[The boys rapidly form into two groups.]

WILLIAM LEE DAVIDSON, JR.

Patrick Jack, you play you're Tarleton leading the Red-coats.

PATRICK JACK

[Angrily flying at Davidson]

Don't you dare call me Tarleton. Didn't he kill Grandfather by pitching him into the street and burning our inn?

[The boys gather around excitedly to watch the fight which is suddenly interrupted by Pompey, an old colored servant, who breaks through the group and hauls apart the fighting boys.]

POMPEY

Now Marse Patrick, you all's fightin' again and ole Marser say I bring you straight to him.

OTHERS

[Protesting]

No, no, Pompey, he can't go now.—Pompey, you be the British and do as we say.

POMPEY

Lor', now, does I look like dem Red-coats?

SAMUEL

[As all the boys laugh boisterously]

No, you don't, but you've got to be Tarleton's whole army.

POMPEY

[Rolling his eyes and retreating to right]

Lor', what's gwine happen now?

[Enter Zaccheus Wilson, a lad of fifteen, carrying a gun and dressed in homespun and a partial uniform.]

WILLIAM BAIN ALEXANDER

Where are you going, Zack Wilson?

ZACCHEUS

To join my five brothers in Sumter's army. Cornwallis told Mother yesterday that he had father and brother John prisoners, but that he would give them a high office if she would get them to swear allegiance to the British crown; otherwise, he would put them to death.

BOYS

What did your mother say?

ZACCHEUS

[Proudly]

She said that sooner than see one of her family turn back from the glorious enterprise she would herself enlist under Sumter's standard and show her husband and sons how to fight and if necessary to die for their country. Then, as soon as Cornwallis was gone from our house, she got me ready and bade me hasten away.

[Cheers.]

SAMUEL POLK

[Commanding, points right]

We're all ready to fight and to die for our country.—Pompey, you go over there. Attention! Under the Courthouse!

WILLIAM BAIN ALEXANDER

Seek positions, men, and flank the enemy!

[The first group throw themselves on the ground, all facing right, as though they were secreted under the courthouse, the others disperse to irregular side positions. They level their guns as Pompey, impersonating Tarleton and the whole British army, advances with pompous confidence. The boys pretend to fire, reload, and fire again, and Pompey beats a precipitous retreat, waving his arms wildly about his head as though pursued by hornets. On the extreme right he pretends to rally his forces, again advances, and again as hastily retreats. A third time he rallies and advances, the youthful soldiers again fire, but Pompey keeps on advancing and the boys begin to fall back toward the left tower, keeping their faces toward the enemy and continuing firing until they disappear, followed by Pompey and the heralds.]

PART VI

CHILDREN OF OLD PLANTATION DAYS

TIME: During the 1840's.

PLACE: Anywhere in North Carolina.

TIME

[Gazing at a succession of bubbles]

The vision of the years is a rainbow gleam
As slowly they pass,
And their deeds and dreams are here mirrored back,
As a face in a glass.

A child of the years is the Ship of State,
Changing and growing,
And the faces of all her dreamers live,
Dreaming and glowing;

The dreamers and masters of dreams go by
In glory elate;
Macon, Ruffin, Graham, Iredell—
Be proud, O State!

For the children will laugh and the harvest grow
When the land is at peace,
For the years as they pass are filled with dreams
That wisdom and beauty release.

[At last one of the bubbles remains in his hands and the clock strikes twelve again. A young herald with a school bell in his hands appears. As he rings the figure of Governor William A. Graham appears on the right tower. Both are dressed in the civilian dress of 1840.]

GOV. WILLIAM A. GRAHAM

O, fairest Carolina State, my all
In youth I pledged to thee in solemn vow.
The wise, grave leaders of thy past have shaped
Thee as thou art and built thy heritage:
Just laws, free schools, rich industries, fair fields:
Nat Macon, Gaston, Dobbin, and Caldwell,

With Murphy, father of the common schools.
 With high young hearts they builded well their part
 And left their days all filled with ghostly glory.
 Yet all that has been given in the past
 Cries to the future for still richer gifts.
 The light and leadership that have been thine
 Lie like a solemn burden on the soul
 Of children conning lessons in their school,
 Laughing gaily 'neath the skies of June,
 Dancing lightly 'round the blowing rose,
 Dreaming wistfully the dreams of youth,
 Vowing valiantly to render back
 Again a grateful service to their state.

SCENE 1

THE CHILDREN OF THE CABIN

[As again the herald rings his bell out from the left tower comes a negro boy, playing a lively tune on a banjo, and out from the right tower cakewalks his companion herald. When they are in position front stage a group of colored children carrying baskets and bags of cotton comes on the stage singing.]

SONG

"Dis cott'n want a-pickin'
 so bad,
 Dis cott'n want a-pickin'
 so bad,
 Dis cott'n want a-pickin'
 so bad,
 Gwine clean all ober dis farm.

"Boss said, 'Uncle Billy,
 I t'ink you done well
 To pay yo' debts wid cott'n
 An' hab yo' seeds to sell.'

"Dis cott'n want a-pickin'
 so bad (etc.)

"I sol' dem seeds
 Fer five cents er peck
 An' bought dis red han'cher
 You see 'roun' ma neck.

"Dis cott'n want a-pickin'
 so bad" (etc.) *

[When they reach center stage they put down their burdens and begin to sing, pat juba, and dance.]

COTTON DANCE SONG

"O massa said from firs' to las'
 Way down—in de cott'n fiel'.
 Eighteen inches and a half,
 Way down—in de cott'n fiel'.
 Two stalks an' all de grass,
 Way down—in de cott'n fiel'.
 So much a day—dat's yo' task,
 Way down—in de cott'n fiel'.
 I t'ought I heard dat baby cry,
 Way down—in de cott'n fiel'.
 Hit may be stung by a cott'n-fly,
 Way down—in de cott'n fiel'.
 De hotter de sun, de redder ma eye,
 Way down—in de cott'n fiel'.
 I'll pick a hundred by an' by,
 Way down—in de cott'n fiel'.
 Jim he bet me a tater pie,
 Way down—in de cott'n fiel'.
 Dat he could pick mo' cott'n dan I,
 Way down—in de cott'n fiel'.
 I straddle dat row an' hit did fly,
 Way down—in de cott'n fiel'.
 I win dat pie and didn't half try,
 Way down—in de cott'n fiel'.***

* Cotton-Pickin' Songs, in Natalie Curtis Burlin's *Hampton Series Negro Folk-Songs*. Book III, p. 14. G. Schirmer, New York.

** Cott'n-Dance Song, in Natalie Curtis Burlin's *Hampton Series Negro Folk-Songs*. Book III, p. 23. G. Schirmer, New York.

[While they are thus disporting themselves, old Mammy enters carrying a small white child and followed by two small children, a boy and a girl.]

MAMMY

[To the negro children]

Hyar, yo' wuthless black chillun, git off dis here lawn 'fore Marse Geo'ge ketches yo'all. Yo' hear me, make-a-haste ter be gone. Gwine on wid yo' an' yore totes 'fore I has ter help yo'.

[The colored children take up their burdens and go off through the right tower, singing and followed by their heralds. The entrance song is continued, as they disappear.]

SONG

"Hurry up, chillun,
Us ought ter been gone,
Dis wezzzer looks so cloudy
I t'ing it's gwine ter storm.

"Dis cott'n want a-pickin'
so bad," (etc.)

[Mammy seats herself on the grass and begins to croon to the baby while the other little ones nestle beside her.]

MAMMY

[Singing]

"Go ter sleep,
Go ter sleep,
Go ter sleepy, Mammy's baby.
When you wake
You shall have a cake;
Go ter sleepy, Mammy's baby.

"Go ter sleep, baby chil',
Go ter sleep, ma lit'l baby.
Hush-a-bye,
Don't you cry,
Go ter sleep, ma lit'l baby.

"When you wake you will have
All de pretty lit'l hors-is,
Hush-a-bye,
Don't you cry,
Go ter sleep, ma lit'l baby, bye."*

SCENE 2

THE CHILDREN OF THE BIG HOUSE

[At the end of Mammy's song, the left herald again rings his bell and from the right tower comes another herald carrying a lamp of learning and a school book. He is followed by a group of school children carrying books, slates, and lunch-baskets. They show the joy of a school day finished, put down their books and gaily fall into a double circle for "Skip to Ma Lou,"** which in a few moments the children change into a Virgina Reel,*** shouting as they do so "Virginia Reel! Virginia Reel!" The second time they promenade they dance off through the left tower, leaving their school books, etc., scattered about.]

MAMMY

[Starting to follow the children out]

Dem chilluns carelesses' chilluns dey is. Allus a-leabin' der dings about.

[She and the two little ones pick up the scattered belongings and disappear through the right tower.]

* Lullaby, in Natalie Curtis Burlin's Hampton Series *Negro Folk-Songs*, Book IV, p. 33. G. Schirmer, New York.

** Hofer, Mari Ruef: *Popular Folk-Games and Dances*, p. 12. A. Flanagan Company, Chicago, Ill.

*** *Ibid*, p. 54.

PART VII
CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY

TIME

O, sorrowing hearts of blood-stained earth,
O, mourning hearts of desolate hearth,
O, broken hearts of loyal men,
Dread war has taxed his toll again.

"They formed—that Carolina band—
With Grimes, the Spartan, in command,
They turned in sullen, slow retreat,
Ah! there are laurels of defeat—

"Turned, for the chief had spoken;
With one last shot hurled back the foe
And prayed the trump of doom to blow,
Now that the Southern stars were low,
The Southern bars were broken."*

[Again the clock sounds twelve strokes, a small herald in Confederate uniform comes forth and sounds retreat and upon the tower appears the figure of Governor Zebulon Vance.]

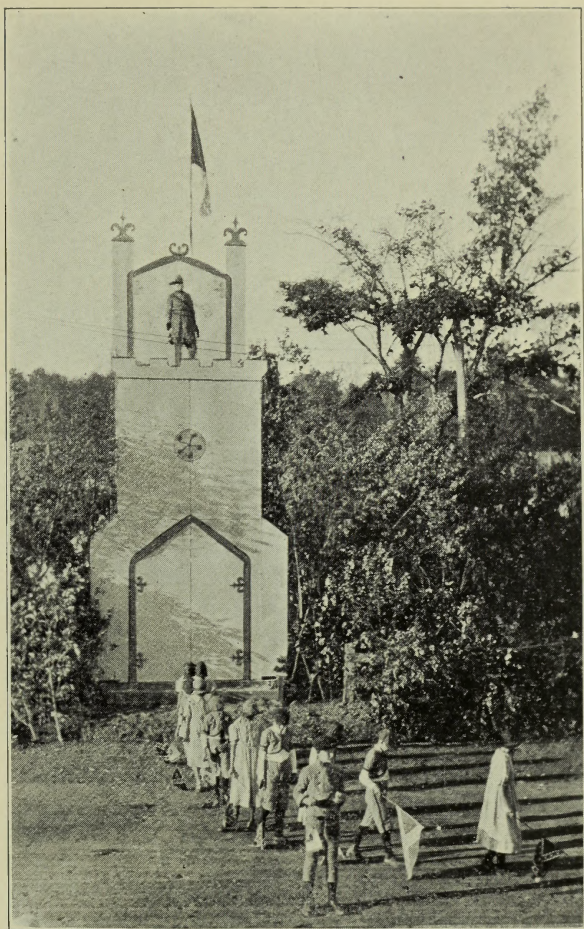
GOVERNOR ZEBULON VANCE

"Mater mea, Carolina,
O, my mother, Carolina,
I have seen the world's confines
And grown weary with its visions,
Soothe me with thy sighing pines.

"Then in accents low and tender
Lead my soul to regions vast;
Open wide those gates of splendour
Where the great Confederates passed.

"When Fate's thrilling bugle summoned,
Leaving home and youthful joys,
Uprose a hundred thousand men
And twenty thousand beardless boys.

* Henry Jerome Stockard.



CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY

Dominant Spirit, Zebulon B. Vance

*O, sorrowing hearts of blood-stained earth,
O, mourning hearts of desolate hearth,
O, broken hearts of loyal men,
Dread war has taxed his toll again.*

"I can see them as they gathered
From the west and from the coast,
Pressing on to Bethel's triumph,
Vanguard of the Southern host!

"'Twas thy son, O Carolina,
Who that matchless flag unfurled,
Sailing out upon the ocean,
Wrapped a glory 'round the world!

"And at Gettysburg, undaunted
By its blood and booming shell,
Pettigrew and his immortals
Plunged into the mouth of hell!

"Once alone I felt thee falter,
Once I mutely turned my head,
Lest I see thee bowed in anguish
Over forty thousand dead.

"Yet at mournful Appomattox
Thou didst take thy last sad stand,
Thou a mater dolorosa
Unto half that haggard band.

"And since that dark day in springtime
When a nation's sun went down,
Mater mea, Carolina, O, my Mother Carolina,
Thou hast borne a noble patience
Greater than thy war's renown!"*

[With the ending of the poem the herald sounds taps, the other herald appears bearing a candle burned almost down and a half-furled flag. He wears a swordless scabbard. He is followed by a group of Confederate children, poorly clad, each carrying a trailing, drooping Confederate flag. These children come on slowly with sorrowing, drooping heads and stand in a row across middle stage. Stringed instruments take up a mute accompaniment of "Bach's Choral,"** and out from behind the closed doors of the tower comes a vibrant contralto voice reciting "The Conquered Banner," by Father Ryan. As the recitation progresses, the children pantomime suitable action.]

* Mater Mea, Carolina, by Pattie Williams Gee.

** Special orchestration of Bach's Choral made by Prof. Paul J. Weaver.

THE CONQUERED BANNER

[Children droop wearily and sadly, letting the flag trail almost on the ground.]

“Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's no one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it,—let it rest!

[Children lift their heads, brighten and hold the flag high for a few moments and wave it valiantly.]

“Furl that banner! Furl it sadly!
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave,
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

[Bring flags forward and clasp them to heart. Let flags again droop and trail at side, while heads bow low.]

“Furl it, for the hands that grasped it
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that banner—it is trailing
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

[Change staff to left hand, hold out the banner and gaze at it sadly, then furl it slowly.]

"Furl that banner! True 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

[Clasp furled flag to heart and pass slowly off left stage, with heads bowed.]

"Furl that banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy,—
For it droops above the dead .
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!"

[Taps are sounded again as the heralds, too, pass off stage.]

PART VIII

CHILDREN OF THE NEW FREEDOM

TIME: First decade of the twentieth century.

PLACE: Everywhere in Carolina.

TIME

Out of war's desolation and despair,
Out of the hate and bitterness and grief,
Out of the fortitude and patience and toil,
Uprose a new and valiant race of men,—
Stern disciplined in self-denial and
Self-sacrifice; they learned to look on life
As something very grand, on duty as
A sacred trust and opportunity,—
A precious gift to be repaid again
In service to their State and fellowmen.
Best loved and greatest of these mighty ones,
Stands Charles B. Aycock, who with clarion voice
Cried to his state, "Awake, awake, rouse ye,
O Carolina! Put new vestments on
And walk ye forth with power to be and do
Whate'er is done by any other state
Or people on the earth." But most of all
He pled the children's cause and opened wide
The school-house doors and bade them enter there.

[The clock strikes twelve again, a herald dressed in 1905 dress sounds "reveille" on a cornet and Governor Aycock appears on the right tower as Time takes up another bubble.]

CHARLES B. AYCOCK

"My friends, I would have all our people to believe in the possibilities of North Carolina, in the strength of her men, the purity of her women, and their power to accomplish as much as can be done anywhere on earth by any people.

"I would have them to become dissatisfied with small things; to be anxious for higher things and better things; to yearn after real greatness; to seek after knowledge; to do the right thing in order that they may be what they ought.

"I would have the strong to bear the burdens of the weak and to lift up the weak and make them strong, teaching men everywhere that real strength consists not in serving ourselves, but in doing for others.

And, finally, all that I have said but sums itself up into a firm resolve: "The equal right of every child born on earth to have the opportunity to burgeon out all that is within him, for democracy cannot be carried forward on the backs of ignorant men."*

[The herald sounds his call again and another appears from the right tower bearing a lamp of learning and an open book and is followed by a long procession of happy children bearing school books, satchels, lunch-baskets, balls, bats, skipping ropes, apples, flowers, etc. They pass across the stage singing with heads held high until they disappear through the left tower.]

CHILDREN

[Singing in processional]

Hail, in your praises we sing without ending,
Crowning your brow with the halo you've won,
Touched with the rays from our hearts' deep emotion,
Always remembered by what you have done,
Always remembered, always remembered,
Always remembered by what you have done.

Light from your deeds e'er will dawn on the darkness,
Cheering and guiding our way toward the sun,
Bringing to us the bright hope of the morrow,
You'll be remembered by what you have done.

REFRAIN

Honored and blessed by the children you've aided,
List to the chorus of joy that's begun,
Which shall pass on through the ages with your name
Always remembered by what you have done.**

REFRAIN

* Extracts of speeches by Charles B. Aycock.

** NOTE: In order to make this chorus as full as possible, it is well to teach these verses also to the children of the Colonial group, who already know the air; then they can sing from back stage during this processional, and again at the end of the pageant the combined voices sing the refrain.

PART IX
EPILOGUE
CHILDREN OF TODAY

[From a hidden place another balloon like that of the Prologue is sent up to float in the sky and again on the right tower appear the children of the Prologue. When Time ceases speaking they sit at either corner of the tower and remain throughout the scene.]

TIME

Once long and long ago a Lonely Man
Took up a little child and set it in
The midst of many clamoring, grasping men;
"Unless ye become as a little child," He said—
As a little child with clear and faith-filled eyes,
As a little child with singing, skylark words,
As a little child with winged, yearning heart,
As a little child with eager, hastening feet,
As a little child with service-longing hands,
As a little child with heaven-homing soul.—
Ah, Folk of Carolina, what count ye
Your greatest wealth: your gold, your lands,
Your industries, your myriad mills, your roads,—
Or these miraculous ones all made for love,
For lilting laughter and sun-lit minds and hearts?
Today you hold them in your hands to mold
As you will for weal or woe, for right or wrong.
Will you let greed and hate and cruelty
Cause any child to mourn, deny its right,
Tread on its wings, and crush its singing heart?
Will you send on into my future days
Dimmed, ship-wrecked stars that turn the bright world
Ah, treasure the wealth you hold in your hands. [black?

[The clock for the last time strikes twelve. A boy scout trumpeter appears and sounds assembly call. A flag is floated from a tall pole over the right tower, the two children sit on either front corner and the two figures of the State Seal of North Carolina appear on the tower, the standing figure representing the Spirit of North Carolina and the other the Goddess of Plenty. Upon the stage comes another

scout herald with a gaily colored lantern of the Japanese type and a State flag. An orchestra plays Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory," as upon the stage comes a procession of children representing all of the local children's organizations, such as Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, Junior Red Cross, Boys' Agricultural Clubs, Girls' Canning Clubs, Girls' Reserves, Camp Fire Girls; a junior baseball team, four tennis players (girls), a girls' basketball team, a Sunday School group, a group of school children, etc. Other children also enter bearing garlands of the flowers and fruits and grains of the State. The boy scouts take a position center front, the other groups filling in, marching in pairs from left to right, turning as they enter, and all singing the chorus and second stanza of "Land of Hope and Glory."]

CHILDREN

[Singing]

"Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How shall we extol thee,—who are born of thee,
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet!

"Thy fame is ancient as the days,
As the ocean large and wide;
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,
A stern and silent pride;
Not that false joy that dreams content
With what our sires have won;
The blood a hero sire hath spent
Still nerves a hero son."*

CHORUS

[When they are all in position they reach hands toward the Spirit of Carolina and sing.]

THE OLD NORTH STATE

"Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her!
Hurrah, hurrah! The Old North State forever!"

* Elgar: *Land of Hope and Glory*. Published by Boosey and Company, 9 East 17th Street, New York City.

THE SPIRIT OF CAROLINA

All hail, my children of today! All hail!
I am not the State. I am but its symbol, its spirit.
I am whatever you make me, nothing more.
I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become.
Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work.
Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me.
But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try
for.
I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.
I stand before your eyes as a symbol of yourself.
May you yourselves ever be bright with cheer,
Valiant with courage, firm with faith, glorious with noble hope,
For then I too shall be all these things,
And shall stand before our mother, America, with high-hearted pride,
As the brightest star in her flag's blue field of glory.*

CAPTAIN OF THE BOY SCOUTS

Color guard to the front, march!

[A scout bugler sounds "To the Colors" as on a pedestal on the right tower beneath the flag appears "America." Carolina stretches her hand toward her and America reaches both hands toward the children before her.]

CAPTAIN

Salute!

CHILDREN

[All saluting and repeating in unison]

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands. One nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

[Out from the tower dance many little girls dressed in white and carrying long streamers of red, white and blue. Gaily they dance, waving their colors and encircling the groups on the stage. Then beckoning joyously, they dance back into the right tower, while all the children reach hands to America.]

* A paraphrase of Franklin K. Lane's *The Flag*.

CHILDREN

[Singing]

"O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above thy fruited plain!
America, America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

"O, beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America, America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law.

"O, beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America, America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea."*

[As the children sing, beginning with the second stanza, they march off stage, still keeping their hands outstretched toward America and disappearing in her tower instead of the left, for they are still the children of Today and Tomorrow. As the last words die away, America first disappears, then Carolina and the Goddess of Plenty, leaving standing on the tower only the children of the Prologue, reaching hands toward Time, as the Pageant ends. But from the distance sounds again the refrain sung by many children.]

Always remembered by what we have done,
Always remembered, always remembered,
Always remembered by what we have done.

* *America, the Beautiful*, by Katherine Lee Bates.

APPENDIX TO CHILDREN OF OLD CAROLINA

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

This pageant may be presented in a very simple manner with no especial setting or properties, or it may have beautifully built towers, elaborate costumes, special and fitting properties, and a well arranged and executed musical accompaniment.

Many of the scenes lend themselves well to separate class-room presentation as supplementary work to aid in the interpretation of the regular state history work. Or the entire pageant may be simply produced out-of-doors on a large lawn, before some public building, or in a park. In a simple presentation where the expense of building the towers seems undesirable a site should be selected which would make possible the presenting of Father Time and the Dominant Spirits of Carolina heroes upon a more elevated plane than the main stage. This may be done by using the verandas, towers, or open windows of some building that may be made to form a background to the stage; or a hill may be utilized or a couple of grassy mounds may be built either on each corner of the background or to form the proscenium.

Each locality producing *The Children of Old Carolina* may introduce a scene of local history if it so desires. It would also be a good exercise for the children of the history classes to try adding local scenes to the various periods represented.

In producing the drama, there should be a general director in charge of the entire staging who makes the final decision on all matters of presentation. Under this director there should be at least one group leader or chaperone for each definite group of children. Boy or Girl Scouts or three or four especially appointed children should remain near the director to act as messengers to and from these group-leaders. In addition, where a large number of children are participating it may be well to have stage telephones, bells, or whatever signalling device each local committee considers the most feasible in facilitating rapid and smooth staging.

If the production is given at night it will be necessary to work out an effective lighting, and this task should be placed in the hands of a good electrician. In many ways the spectacle may be made much more mystical and an imaginary spirit may be created against a night

sky with beautifully directed colored lighting. However, in many instances night production with young children is not feasible, and as sunlight and the out-of-doors belong to the children, the drama has been especially designed for daytime presentation.

THE ORGANIZING AND PRODUCING COMMITTEES

The success of any dramatic production is most dependent upon the thoroughness of the organization that is achieved in working it out. There should be one definite head, usually termed the director, who should have the final decision in all matters pertaining to the production and should be given the loyal coöperation of all others interested in the pageant-drama. The number of necessary committees will vary in different localities but, in the main, they should be as follows and should be composed of men and women especially adapted to the work of their particular committee:

I. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Duties: General direction, development, finance, and all other business arrangements.

II. THE ORGANIZING AND PRODUCTION COMMITTEE

Composition: A representative from each school, grade, or group participating in the production.

Duties: Each member to act as official representative who may be called upon when service and coöperation are desired from his or her unit.

III. CAST COMMITTEE

Duties: To aid the director in selecting and securing coöperation of the adults and children necessary for the effective staging of the drama. The various groups required should be divided up among the various schools, grades, or organizations participating. See outline of the pageant-drama in front of book.

IV. MUSIC COMMITTEE

Duties: Organizing groups for singing and for an orchestra or band, and for other special musical numbers; selecting the special players of instruments, such as trumpeters; making or securing orchestrations, etc. Probably the service of an orchestra or band will have to be considered professional service. If no children can be found to act as trumpeter-heralds, the calls may be sounded from the orchestra.

V. STAGE COMMITTEE

Duties: The designing, building, and placing of all stage sets such as towers, screens of shrubbery, etc.

VI. PROPERTY COMMITTEE

(a) *Heavy Properties—Duties:* To make or secure all heavy properties, such as Maypoles, horses, etc., called for in the text.

(b) *Light and Hand Properties—Duties:* To make or secure all light and hand properties. To arrange both light and heavy properties in order, so they can be quickly secured when needed. To see that they are on the stage or in the hands of the right characters for each scene, and that they are returned after each scene.

VII. COSTUME COMMITTEE

Duties: To supervise the designing and making of costumes, the selection of materials and the renting of special costumes, wigs, etc. As far as possible, each school should be responsible for the costuming of its own particular group.

VIII. WARDROBE COMMITTEE

1. Chairman of girls' dressing rooms.
2. Chairman of boys' dressing rooms.
3. Chairman of dressing room for special adult characters.
4. Several assistants in each dressing room.

Duties: To assist and supervise the costuming of all groups at the time of dress rehearsal and of production, and to remain at dressing rooms to check off the return of all costumes when the performance is over.

IX. MAKE-UP COMMITTEE

Duties: To make up and give final inspection of all characters, especially of those adult characters who represent particular well-known historical figures.

X. LIGHTING COMMITTEE

Duties: In case the pageant-drama is produced at night, special lighting should be arranged. The installation and manipulation of all necessary apparatus should be placed in the hands of a professional electrician. Beautiful lighting effects can be obtained with a few sheets of colored gelatine set in frames. These sheets cost around fifty cents and can be obtained through any dealer in lighting supplies.

If real flood lights cannot be obtained very good substitutes can be made by using 500-watt bulbs soldered into a deep tin can about a foot in diameter or a deep pan. The bright tin acts as a reflector and the frames for the gelatine screens may be fitted over the opening.

XI. ARRANGEMENTS COMMITTEE

Duties: Supervising auditorium, either outdoor or indoor, arranging seating, designing and printing of tickets, ticket sales, ushers, police, first-aid booth, and dressing-rooms, rentals, toilet facilities, and the installation of other desirable features.

XII. PUBLICITY AND ADVERTISING

Duties: Writing and submitting of publicity feature articles for the local and associated press, paid advertising, posters, programs, etc.

COSTUMING

For the most part all costumes can be designed and made locally. Pictures depicting the various historical periods and the different national groups represented in the Colonial Division should be studied. These may be found in history books, illustrated magazines, copies of great historical paintings, etc. Patterns of period costumes can be secured from nearly all of the leading pattern manufacturers. A costume designer should have supervision of all costumes and should work out varying color harmonies for the various scenes.

The costumes and wigs for the special adult figures will be more satisfactory if they are rented from a good costumer, such as Miller, 236 South Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa., from whom the costumes used at Dunn were rented.

In addition the University can supply a few costumes of each period which may be used as samples in making and designing others, or it can furnish enough to costume the entire cast if not very large numbers are used in each scene. These will be rented at a very low charge. No special costumes need be made for the Aycock scene and the Children of Today. For the first the girls may wear sacque aprons and middies with large hairbows, while the boys may wear overalls or short trousers and blouse waists with sailor collars.

STAGE AND SETTING

This pageant-drama has been designed for out-of-doors production upon a large scale but may be used in a simple way as supplementary to class-room work and may also be adapted for elaborate indoor production if the community possesses a large auditorium.

City parks, a natural amphitheatre slope in an attractive grove, a spacious lawn, a campus or outdoor theatre, the track in front of fair ground grand-stands, or the diamond of a baseball park,—all lend themselves readily as suitable stage-sites. The main thing to keep in mind is that a space from 75 to 150 feet in length and 50 to 75 feet in depth should be fairly level and smooth.

Very little is required in the way of stage setting, as noted in the General Suggestions of this Appendix. A study of the photographic illustrations will give some idea of the design of the towers which are placed on either corner of back-stage. These were constructed of beaver-board, but other materials, such as painted canvas, burlap, or heavy domestic may be used. They simply present a mask front to conceal the heavy timbers that make the platforms stable. The dimensions of the towers are approximately 12 feet at the base and 9 feet above the doors in width, while the distance to the platform is about 18 feet. The columns on the platform rise about 10 feet higher. The doors are each about 3 feet in width, making an opening of about 6 feet.

The tower on stage-left is called Time's Tower and the doors should swing inward. On this tower the columns are placed on the front edge of the platform, while the opening between them is closed with starry-blue curtains heavily weighted at the bottom so they will not blow about. When Time is in place he pulls a draw cord and opens the curtains. When the pageant ends he closes them again.

The tower on stage-right is the Tower of Heroes and the doors should swing outward, as all of the children enter the stage from this tower and disappear through Time's Tower. The columns on this right tower rise about two feet from the back edge of the platform, while between them are sky-blue and gold doors that swing outward, *i.e.*, toward the audience, admitting each succeeding Dominant Spirit. The platform of this tower should be about eight feet square, leaving a space before the doors of 6 x 8 feet. For the left tower the platform need be only about 3 feet in depth by 8 feet in length.

For painting these towers a cold water flat paint should be used—alabastine, muresco, calsomine, or any of the other brands one finds on the market for from thirty cents to sixty cents a package. A rich cream or golden tan color is probably the most effective ground color to use. First a coat of shellac should be applied if beaver or wall-board is used, while for cloth a coat of shellac and whiting mixed will give the most desirable results. The hinges, capitals, door frames, and decorations are done in gold. This is cheaper when bought dry in bulk and mixed with bronzing liquid or banana oil. All decorations are more effective if set off with a line of black. The doors themselves should be a strong sky-blue.

A flagstaff should rise from the back of the Heroes' Tower and a State flag should float from it until the entrance of America in the Epilogue, when it should be replaced by the American flag. In addition, small symbolic flags may float from the tops of the columns on both towers. Each Dominant Figure that appears on the Heroes' Tower may also place in a standard on the left front corner, the flag of the period which he represents, then bear it away with him as he disappears.

The only other requirement for the stage-setting is shrubbery stretching from tower to tower and even outlining the sides or wings of the stage, unless there is such a natural screen or unless there is a hill background. This setting will not only form a background but will also serve as a screen behind which to conceal the cast. It is important that the cast be kept out of sight and hearing in order to maintain the proper illusion, for group by group they picture a day that is gone, coming out of Once Long Ago and disappearing again in Time's Tower.

PROPERTIES

FOR PROLOGUE

A gilded scythe.

A very large brazier of brass or a gold-painted vessel.

Powder for red fire.

Powder for green fire.

A large golden pipe.

A large hour-glass shaped receptacle containing fuel for brazier.

About four dozen assorted colored balloons, blown and fastened together by silver tinsel cord.

A couple of golden balloons filled with gas so that they will float away through the sky.

A quantity of small silvery particles (Christmas tinsel cut up) to represent stars.

Starry blue curtains for Time's Tower.

A large resonant gong to represent the striking of the clock before each scene.

Formula for red light powder:

Potassium chlorate	40%
Strontium nitrate	39%
Sulphur	18%
Charcoal powder	3%

Formula for green light powder:

Potassium chlorate	36%
Barium nitrate	40%
Sulphur	24%

THE LOST COLONY

A slight slender pole at least ten feet high on the top of which has been fastened a wheel that will rotate. To this should be fastened alternately green and rose ribbons, of a number corresponding to children in cast.

A long golden trumpet.

A ship's lantern, which may be made from cylindrical box painted silver or black and having slits in the sides, or perforations. A lighted candle may be set inside or a flashlight used. Make a conical top with a small ring inserted to carry it by.

A staff.

Garlands of flowers.

CHILDREN OF PRIMEVAL DAYS

A wigwam which should be set up in background before pageant begins and masked with shrubbery which the maidens remove.

Two reed flutes—(may be made of tin fifes covered with bark).

An Indian drum—(cover snare or child's drum with decorated brown cloth).

A coup stick—(a stick about six feet long having painted feathers a third of the way down one side).

Some waste saturated with turpentine, kerosene, or gasoline.

Two cradle boards with papooses.

Fagots.

An Indian basket.

Some moccasins.

Three pomawonga. An Indian maiden's game, made with large colored discs on a thong about two feet long, one end of which is fastened to the blunt end of a sharp pointed stick about ten inches long. At the other end of thong is a triangular piece of leather having three graduated perforations. The maidens stand and swing these toys gracefully, trying to see which one can catch the most discs or the leather piece on the point of stick.)

Bows for each boy.

Arrows.

CHILDREN OF OLD COLONIAL DAYS

Scene 1. CHILDREN OF ENGLISH PARENTAGE

A clarinet.

A colonial lantern, made of perforated tin or a painted shoe box.

An axe.

Scene 2. QUAKER CHILDREN

A hand-bell.

Samplers and sewing-bags containing colored yarns for girls.

Horseshoes and stake for boys.

An apple.

Scene 3. SWISS CHILDREN

An Alpine horn.

A stout stick or staff.

Some goats.

Some small tinkling bells.

Scene 4. SCOTCH-IRISH

A conch-shell horn.

A tallow dip lamp.

Small Bibles.

A tuning-fork.

Scene 5. SCOTCH HIGHLANDERS

Bagpipes.

A fiery cross.

Scene 6. MORAVIAN CHILDREN

A trombone.

Torches for boys.

Wreaths and garlands for girls.

CHILDREN OF WESTWARD HO

A hunting horn.

Five old rifles.

A tin lantern with candle.

Five powder-horns.

Four sheathed knives.

Two hunting dogs.

A puppy for little Daniel to carry.

Three horses.

A cow.

An axe.

Two large packs for horses.

Two wooden bowls.

Pewter platters.

Gourd drinking-cups.

A rag doll.

A copper kettle.

A woven coverlid.

A reel.

A banjo.

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

Scene 1.

A bugle.

2 rifles.

2 drums.

A liberty torch.

A sword for herald.

A colonial flag.

Other swords for boys in minuet.

A fife.

Scene 2.

16 sticks for guns.

A wooden sword.

A real gun.

A powder horn.

CHILDREN OF THE OLD PLANTATION DAYS

Scene 1.

Bags of cotton.
Branches of cotton.
A basket of cotton.
A banjo.
A school bell.
A lamp of learning.

Scene 2. CHILDREN OF THE BIG HOUSE

Books.
Slates.
Lunch baskets, etc.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY

A bugle.
A low candle.
Confederate flags for each child and the herald.
A scabbard.

CHILDREN OF THE NEW FREEDOM

A bugle.
A lamp of learning.
Books.
Satchels.
Lunch-baskets.
Balls.
Bats.
Skipping ropes.
Apples.
Flowers.
Hoops, etc.

CHILDREN OF TODAY

A golden balloon.
Scout trumpet.
A horn of plenty.
Japanese lantern.
State flag.
American flag.

All sorts of hand props that will suit each group depicted, as garlands, wreaths, farm animals, poultry, fruits, pets.

Red, white, and blue streamers, etc.

MUSIC PLOT

PROLOGUE

1. Overture (orchestra). Any good, bright, instrumental selection. Suggestions: Dvorak, The New World Symphony, Overture; Grieg, Morning Mood, from the Peer Gynt Suite; Adams, If I Were King, etc.

PART I. THE LOST COLONY

1. May Pole Dance (orchestra).
2. Song: Our Good Ship (unaccompanied). Special Mss. Music.

PART II. CHILDREN OF PRIMEVAL DAYS

1. O-e, ha-la (unaccompanied). Special.
2. Orchestra: Indian music, such as MacDowell's, An Indian Idyl, or Friedman's, Sun Dance.
3. E-wa-yea! (unaccompanied). Special.
4. Girls' Blanket Dance (part orchestra). Special.
5. Boys' Flaming Arrow Dance (part orchestra). Special.

PART III. CHILDREN OF OLD COLONIAL DAYS

Scene 1. CHILDREN OF ENGLISH PARENTAGE

Looby Loo (piano).

Hofer: Children's Singing Games, p. 32, and in many other collections.

Scene 3. SWISS CHILDREN

The Shepherd Maiden* (piano).

Hofer: Popular Folk Games and Dances, p. 27.

Scene 4. SCOTCH-IRISH CHILDREN

Hymn (tune Old Hundred) (unaccompanied).

Scene 5. SCOTCH HIGHLAND CHILDREN

Highland Fling (bagpipes). Any fling desired as given in various collections.

Scene 6. MORAVIAN CHILDREN

1. Easter Call (Trumpets). Special.
2. Processional song: Hail, Victorious Lord—Special Moravian music.
3. Song: Always Remembered. Full chorus by all the Colonial children. Special.

PART IV. CHILDREN OF WESTWARD HO!

Solo: Good Morning, My Pretty Miss. In Campbell & Sharp, English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, p. 296.

PART V. CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

Scene 1. THE SPIRIT OF '76

1. Orchestra, Minuet. Beethoven's Minuet in G or any other preferred.
2. Yankee Doodle, played by characters on stage.

INTERLUDE

Orchestra: Any good triumphant selection such as Hadley's Victory March.

PART VI. CHILDREN OF OLD PLANTATION DAYS

Scene 1. CHILDREN OF THE CABIN

1. Cotton Picking Song in Burlin's Hampton Series Negro Folk Songs, Book III, p. 14.
2. Cotton Dance Song. Ibid, p. 23.
3. Lullaby. Ibid. Book IV. p. 23.

Scene 2. CHILDREN OF THE BIG HOUSE

1. Skip to Ma Lou. Hofer, Popular Folk Games and Dances, p. 12, or in other collections.
2. Virginia Reel. Any suitable music such as Old Dan Tucker or Roger de Coverly.

PART VII. CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY

1. Special orchestrations of one of Bach's Chorals.
2. Taps.

INTERLUDE

Orchestra: A soft, dreamy selection that begins with a note of sadness and ends joyously, such as Theo. Lack's Idyllo.

PART VIII. CHILDREN OF THE NEW FREEDOM

1. Always Remembered—by full chorus. Special music.

EPILOGUE. CHILDREN OF TODAY

1. Orchestra: Elgar's Land of Hope and Glory. Full chorus and orchestra.
2. Chorus: The Old North State. First two lines and chorus.
3. Interpretative Dance. (Orchestra).
4. Song: America, the Beautiful. Full chorus and audience.
5. Always Remembered. Full chorus behind scenes.

CAST PLOT

PROLOGUE

Father Time.

A Boy of Today.

A Girl of Today.

PART I. THE CHILDREN OF THE LOST COLONY

Sir Walter Raleigh (Dominant Spirit)

First Herald

Second Herald

Robert Ellis

John Sampson

Thomas Humphrey

Thomas Smart

Elizabeth Viccars

Ambrose Viccars

Robert Archard

Other boys and girls.

PART II. CHILDREN OF PRIMEVAL DAYS

Manteo (Dominant Spirit)

First Indian Herald

Second Indian Herald

Flute Player

Drummer

Indian girls

Indian boys

Indian runner

PART III. CHILDREN OF COLONIAL DAYS

Scene 1. CHILDREN OF THE ENGLISH COLONISTS

Edward Moseley (Dominant Spirit)

First Herald

Second Herald

Other boys and girls.

Scene 2. QUAKER CHILDREN

Governor Archdale (Dominant Spirit)

First Herald

Second Herald

Rachel

Anne

Elizabeth
Martha
Mary
Four boys

Scene 3. SWISS CHILDREN

Baron Christopher de Graffenreid (Dominant Spirit)
First Herald
Second Herald
Other boys and girls.

Scene 4. CHILDREN OF THE COVENANTERS (*Scotch-Irish*)

Colonel Hugh Waddell (Dominant Spirit)
First Herald
Second Herald
School Master
Boys and girls as pupils in school

Scene 5. SCOTCH HIGHLANDERS

Flora MacDonald (Dominant Spirit)
First Herald (Bagpiper)
Second Herald
Other boys and girls (dancers)

Scene 6. GERMAN MORAVIAN CHILDREN

Bishop Spangenberg (Dominant Spirit)
First Herald
Second Herald
Moravian boys and girls.

PART IV. CHILDREN OF WESTWARD HO!

Daniel Boone (Dominant Spirit)
First Herald
Second Herald
Henry Russell
James Boone
Fanny Calloway
Jemima Boone
Flanders Calloway.
Daniel Boone, Jr.
Rachel Boone

Pioneer Woman

Pioneer Men

A few other boys and girls.

PART V. CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

Scene 1. "THE SPIRIT OF '76"

Cornelius Harnett (Dominant Spirit)

First Herald

Second Herald

Minuet Dancers

Figures in Tableau—Spirit of '76

Fifer

Drummer

Drummer Boy

Cincinnatus Ashe

William Hooper

George Lillington

Samuel Ashe

Other boys and girls.

Scene 2. THE HORNET'S NEST

Col. Wm. R. Davie (Dominant Spirit)

William Lee Davidson, Jr.

Samuel Polk

William Bain Alexander

Patrick Jack

Zaccheus Wilson

Pompey (colored servant)

Twelve other boys.

PART VI. CHILDREN OF OLD PLANTATION DAYS

Scene 1. CHILDREN OF THE CABINS

Gov. Wm. A. Graham (Dominant Spirit)

First Herald

Second Herald

Mammy

Baby

Small boy

Small girl

Several other boys and girls as colored children.

Scene 2. CHILDREN OF THE BIG HOUSE

Third Herald

Boys and girls.

PART VII. CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY

Governor Zebulon B. Vance (Dominant Spirit)

First Herald

Second Herald

Reader

Boys and girls of the Confederacy.

PART VIII. CHILDREN OF THE NEW FREEDOM

Charles B. Aycock (Dominant Spirit)

First Herald

Second Herald

Large group of boys and girls.

EPILOGUE. CHILDREN OF TODAY

Spirit of Carolina

Goddess of Plenty

Boy of the Prologue

Girl of the Prologue

America

First Herald

Second Herald

Boy Scouts

Girl Scouts

Junior Red Cross

Boys' Agriculture Clubs

Girls' Home Demonstration Clubs

Sports

Sunday School Group

Public School Group, etc.

Dancers (girls).

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